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BOULAY BAY, JERSEY, FROM THE VIER.

## BOULAY BAY, JERSEY.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THOMAS GILKS.

This is one of the most important bays in this picturesque island, the depth of water offering capabilities for the formation of a harbour superior to any of the others, being sufficient for vessels of large draught

to enter at any tide. The views from the surrounding heights are very grand. Towards the north the islands of Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, appear in the distance, while on part of the coast of Normandy, towards the north-eastern horizon, the cathedral of Coutances is dimly seen in the distance.

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An intelligent traveller has well described the scene. He says: "What a scene of desolation and barrenness here strikes the eye—sterile and unproductive black masses of rock, induce us to believe we have arrived at the verge of the habitable world, the ancient geographers, in their ignorance, supposing that towards the confines of the earth it became a dreary waste, going suddenly down a sheer depth, as a vast wall." The attention of government has long been drawn to this bay, with a view of establishing a naval station, which in time of war would not only be a safeguard to the island, but an efficient protection to the trade of the channel, as well as a convenient point of observation from which the movements of the French coast, from Cherbourg to Brest, might be watched. A pier on a very limited scale has been some time ago constructed, by direction of the states of Jersey, at a considerable cost; and this would naturally form the commencement of the government work, should such a work be resolved upon.

This bay offers many opportunities to the angler, from the depth of water at the pier-head and islet. The fish taken are mullet, whiting, rick-fish, bass, and congers; the latter off the rocks, at some distance to the right, many weighing from twenty to thirty pounds. A few years ago an oyster bed was discovered, about six miles from the shore, which promises a rich harvest to the dredger, besides being some distance from the limits of the French coast.

T. G.

### THE PROGRESS OF RAILWAYS.

(FROM THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.)

Dear Grandmother—As I don't think you have any liking for railways,—being, like colonel Sibthorp, one of those folks loving the good old times, when travelling was as sober a thing as a waggon and four horses could make it—I really don't see how I'm to write you anything of a letter. There's nobody in town, and nothing in the papers but plans of railways, that in a little time will cover all England like a large spider's net; and, as in the net, there will be a good many flies caught and gobbled up, by those who spin. Nevertheless, though, I know you don't agree with me any more than colonel Sibthorp does—it is a fine sight to open the newspapers, and see the railway schemes. What mountains of money they bring to the mind! And then for the wonders they're big with, why, properly considered, arn't they a thousand times more wonderful than anything in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments!" Then we have flying carriages to be brought to

every man's door! All England made to shake hands with itself in a few hours! And when London can, in an hour or so, go to the Land's End for a gulp of sea-air, and the Land's End in the same time come to see the shows of London—shan't all of us the better understand one another; shan't we all be brought together, and made, as we ought to be, one family of! It's coming fast, grandmother. Now pigs can travel, I don't know how far, at a half-penny ahead, we don't hear the talk that used to be of "the swinish multitude." And isn't it a fine thing—I know you don't think so, but isn't it?—to know that all has been done, and all that's to do, will be done, because Englishmen have left off cutting other men's throats! That peace has done it all. If they oughtn't to set up a dove with an olive branch at every railway terminus, I'm an impostor, and no true cabman. Yes, grandmother, peace has done it all! Only think of the iron that has been melted into cannon and round shot, and chain shot, and all other sorts of shot—that the devils on a holiday play at bowls with!—if the war had gone on—all the very same iron that's now laid upon sleepers! Think of the iron that had been fired into the sea, and banged through quiet people's houses, and sent mashing squares and squares of men—God's likenesses in red, blue, and green coats, hired to be killed at so many pence a day—only think what would have been this wicked, I will say it, this blasphemous waste of metal—that, as it is, has been made into steam engines. Very fine, indeed, they say, is the roar of artillery; but what is it to the roar of steam? I never see an engine, with its red hot coals and its clouds of steam and smoke, that it doesn't seem to me like a tremendous dragon that has been tamed by man to carry all the blessings of civilisation to his fellow-creatures. I've read about knights going through the skies on fiery monsters—but what are they to the engineers, at two pound five a-week? What is any squire among 'em all to the humblest stoker? And then, I've read about martial trumpets—why they haven't, to my ears, half the silver in their sound as the railway whistle! Well, I should like the ghost of Buonaparte to get up some morning, and take the *Times* in his thin hands. If he wouldn't turn yellowish than ever he was at St. Helena! There he'd see plans for railways in France—*belly France*, as I believe they call it—to be carried out by Frenchmen and Englishmen. Yes; he wouldn't see 'em mixing bayonets, trying to poke 'em in one another's bowels that a few tons of blood might, as they call it, water his laurels—how any man can wear laurels at all, I can't tell, they must smell so of the slaughter-house!

—he wouldn't see 'em charging one another on the battle field, but quietly arranged, cheek by jowl, in the list of directors. Not exchanging bullets, but clubbing together their hard cash. Consider it, grandmother, isn't it droll! Here, in these very lists, you see English captains and colonels in company with French viscounts and barons, and I don't know what, planning to lay iron down in France—to civilise and add to the prosperity of Frenchmen! The very captains and colonels who, but for the peace, would be blowing French ships out of the water—knocking down French houses—and all the while swearing it, and believing it, too, that Frenchmen were only sent into this world to be killed by Englishmen, just as boys think frogs were spawned only to be pelted at. Oh, only give her time, and Peace—timid dove as she is—will coo down the trumpet. Now, grandmother, only do think of lord Nelson as a railway director on the Boulogne line to Paris! Well, I know you'll say it—the world's going to be turned upside down. Perhaps it is; and after all, it mightn't be the worse now and then for a little wholesome shaking. They do say there's to be a rail from Waterloo to Brussels, and the duke of Wellington—the iron duke, with, I've no 'doubt, iron enough in him for the whole line—is to be chairman of the directors. The prince Joinville is now and then looking about our coasts to find out, it is said, which is the softest part of us, in the case of a war, to put his foot upon us. Poor fellow! he's got the disease of glory; only—as it sometimes happens with the small-pox—it has struck inwards; it can't come out upon him. When we've railways laid down, as I say, like a spider's web all over the country, won't it be a little hard to catch us asleep? For you see, just like the spider's web, the electric telegraph (inquire what sort of a thing it is, for I hav'n't time to tell you), the electric telegraph will touch a fine of the web, when down will come a tremendous spider, in a red coat, with all sorts of murder after him! Mind, grandmother, let us hope this never may happen; but when folks who'd molest us, know how it can come about, won't they let us alone? Depend upon it, we're binding war over to keep the peace, and the bonds are made of railway iron! You'd hardly think it—you who used to talk to me about the beauty of glory (I know you meant nothing but the red coats and the fine epaulets; for that so often is women's notion of glory, tho' bless 'em, they're among the first to make lint, and cry over the sons of glory, with gashes spoiling all their fine feathers)—you'd hardly think it, but they're going to put up a statue to the man who first made boiling water to run upon a rail. It's quite true: I read it only a day or two ago.

They're going to fix up a statue to George Stephenson, in Newcastle. How you will cast up your dear old eyes, when you hear of this! You, who've only thought that statues should be put up to queen Anne, and George III, and his nice son George IV, and such people! I should only like a good many of the statues here in London to be made to take a cheap train down to Newcastle to see it. If, dirty as they are, and dirty as they were, they wouldn't blush as red as a new copper halfpenny, why, those statues—especially when they've queens and kings in 'em—are the most unfeelingest of metal! What a lot of mangled bodies, and misery, and housebreaking, and wickedness of all sorts, carried on and made quite lawful by a uniform—may we see—if we choose to see at all—about the statue of what we called a Conqueror! What firing of houses, what shame, that because you're a woman I won't more particularly write about; we might look upon under the statue, that is only so high, because it has so much wickedness to stand upon! If the statue could feel at all, wouldn't it put up its hands, and hide its face, although it were made of the best of bronze! But Mr. Stephenson will look kindly and sweetly about him; he will know that he has carried comfort, and knowledge, and happiness to the doors of millions—that he has brought men together, that they might know and love one another. This is something like having a statue! I'm sure of it, when George IV is made to hear the news (for kings are so very long before the truth comes to 'em), he'd like to gallop off to the first melter's, and go at once into the nothing that men think him. And besides all this, the railways have got a king! When you hear of a king of England, I know your old thoughts go down to Westminster Abbey; and you think of nothing but bishops and peers, and all that sort of thing, kissing the king's cheeks, and the holy oil upon the royal head, that the crown, I suppose, may sit the more comfortably upon it; but this is another sort of king—Mr. King Hudson the first! I have read it somewhere at a bookstall, that Napoleon was crowned with the iron crown of Italy. Well, king Hudson has been crowned with the iron crown of England! A crown melted out of pig-iron, and made in a railway furnace. I've somewhere seen the picture of the river Nile, that with the lifting of his finger made the river flow over barren land, and leave there all sorts of blessings. Well, king Hudson is of this sort; he has made the molten iron flow over all sorts of places, and so bring forth good fruits wherever it went. So no more from your affectionate grandson,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

## THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

BY EDWARD PORTWINE.

## CHAPTER I.—FOLKSTONE. PENINSULAR WAR. SMUGGLING.

The marine town of Folkstone is remarkable for its singular construction, and its neighbourhood is replete with picturesque and romantic scenery. Its fertile valleys and lofty hills, clothed in all the luxuriance of nature; its rich soil, loaded with corn, fruits, and flowers, present a strong contrast to the town, built on the side of a steep hill, and running abruptly to the shores of the British Channel. Folkstone, at the termination of the late war, was a dull and miserable fishing-port, with its harbour choked with marine deposit, to the hindrance of commerce. It seemed to lie prostrate before her more fortunate and powerful neighbour, Dover. This celebrated town is about six miles from Folkstone, then famous for two branches of industry, which were the only sources of revenue to its singular inhabitants, namely, smuggling and fishing.

But science, in its rapid course, has tended to improve the condition of mankind. It has populated regions and increased the productiveness of the earth; it has brought country nearer to country, and increased the general sum of human happiness. In every part of the civilised world science has progressed, and the works now constructing present to the world a phenomenon without parallel. It may have desolated some districts, but it has benefited others by increasing commerce and adding to general prosperity.

The town of Folkstone is one of the places which has received aid from the resistless power of steam, at a time when all hope had departed with the suppression of smuggling and the failure of her fisheries. Science steps in, and this port is now prosperous and imposing. The former features of this town are fast fading from the recollection; and her plains and valleys resound with locomotives rushing to and fro. The peninsular war—a struggle which deprived England of her dearest blood, a war commenced in favour of an ancient family of France, and marked by murder and rapine—was fiercely raging at the commencement of this tale. This struggle required the whole of our navy to protect the coast from invasion and our commerce from destruction. Few ships or men, therefore, could be spared by government to prevent a violation of the revenue laws, so smuggling was carried on to a large extent in open defiance of the officers employed to prevent it. Organised bands met secretly,

proceeded in numbers to various points of the coast, and worked their vessels and carried the cargoes into the interior.

The shores of France being within twenty-six miles, induced many of the inhabitants to embark in a course of life which promised competence. Some were forced into the illegal traffic from necessity, others from inebriety, but the greater number for profit. From the Lizard to the mouth of the Thames, before the conclusion of the war in 1815, the contraband traffic had been most prosperous and profitable to those engaged in it. The tradesman, the labourer, and the unemployed, ventured their lives and liberties in the hours of darkness; and the opulent committed a breach of the law by purchasing the silks, brandy, Hollands, and other articles thus obtained, and by permitting such goods to be secreted on their grounds or premises.

Who were the most guilty? the nobles and commoners who indirectly induced a violation of those laws they had enacted, or the poor, the humble, and the starving?

## CHAPTER II.—THE CHERRY GARDENS.

About a mile on the north of the town of Folkstone, and within the bosom of a lofty hill, reposes in silent beauty an earthly paradise, containing all that is lovely and luxuriant in nature; fruit-trees bending their loaded branches to the earth, and flowers that impregnated the atmosphere with a thousand perfumes. This place is called the Cherry Gardens, where fruits and flowers, thirty years since, were in high perfection.

These gardens are protected by high hills on the north, and on the south, east, and west is stretched out at their feet a noble plain, whose boundary is the cliffs which overhang the channel.

Within these extensive gardens were seats, bowers, and lawns, with bowling- greens; and a house of entertainment, where every delicacy could be obtained, from champagne to strawberries and cream. On Sundays this prolific region swarmed with young and old desirous of enjoyment. The rich, the poor, the intellectual, and the ignorant, the squire and the peasant, seemed all determined to enjoy themselves. The peer acknowledged "equality once a week," and considered it no indignity to bestow his attentions on the fair but humble daughters of this beautiful district.

In the autumn of 1813, on a warm Sunday evening, the towns and villages adjacent poured forth their hundreds of the gay and happy. The hardy fisherman and his "love" from Folkstone; the thriving tradesman and his family from the marine village of Ludgate; the substantial baron

of the ancient cinque-port of Hythe, mixing with the inhabitants of the rural districts—repaired to the cool bosom of this mountain. At the foot of the mountain, three persons were perceived in earnest conversation.

One of them, a handsome, tall young man, with a free and open countenance, was dressed in all the fashion of the day—a blue coat designed his muscular frame, while a pair of corduroy breeches and top-boots showed off to advantage his athletic and well-proportioned leg; round his neck he wore a green handkerchief, fastened at the front with a diamond pin. This was the young man whose lively conversation, and keen piercing glance, had caused so many hearts to palpitate and thrill with joy as each girl whispered to her companion the name of James Waldron.

One of his companions was dressed as a seaman. He was fresh coloured, about twenty-six, with features indicating experience on the deep. Captain William Sarson was a British sailor—hardy, generous, and reckless of danger. His services were dedicated to his country, and his heart had been long in the possession of Affery Jeffery, a young lady resident in Folkestone.

The third was a fashionable dandy of that period—a rich descendant of a long line of drapers of the good port, who presented an excellent appearance by the aid of his tailor.

These three individuals were as opposite in disposition as imagination could conceive, and yet these opposites were necessary to each other's pleasures. Waldron esteemed Sarson for his manly bearing and fearlessness of character, and Hamish was proud to be called the friend of both.

"I tell you," cried Waldron, "that Barnard is my enemy, and I shall not forget the cause."

"Squire Barnard your enemy? Impossible!" responded Hamish. "It was only last Sunday, when seated in the northern summer-house, he praised you, and spoke warmly of your manly conduct."

"Indeed! And who was present when I was so honoured?"

"Affery Jeffery, Margaret Cumlin, Jane Gittens, myself, and Margaret's father, and we all felt the young 'squire had spoken the truth."

"All?" asked Waldron, anxiously.

"Yes, all."

"And Margaret."

"Why," continued Hamish, "she said little, and appeared to receive the attentions of Barnard with reserve. But what is the cause of the animosity between you and the heir of ten thousand acres?"

"Let us move on, and reserve our friend's disclosures on this subject," cried Sarson.

The friends walked onwards, and as they

left the fields, the noise of horses' hoofs, treading rapidly on the stony road, sounded in the ears of the young men.

(To be continued.)

## STATUES FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

The antiquary who may live five hundred or a thousand years hence, may be not a little puzzled to decide what caused the individuals to be selected, whose effigies adorn what will then be called the ancient pile at Westminster. To him and to those who may take their turn of life at an earlier date, the following information will prove of value, drawn as it is from authentic sources.

The fourth report of the Commissioners of Fine Arts, made in April last, and but recently published, describes the course they had taken in consequence of a letter addressed to them by Sir Robert Peel respecting public monuments to eminent men; and in consequence of subsequent deliberations they recommend that six insulated marble statues be in St Stephen's Porch and sixteen in St. Stephen's Hall. They do not take upon themselves to name the subjects, but they say—"We are at once prepared to recommend that statues of Marlborough and Nelson be placed in St. Stephen's porch; and that statues of Sel-den, Hampden, lord Falkland, lord Clarendon, lord Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, lord Chatham, lord Mansfield, Burke, Fox, Pitt, and Grattan, be placed in St. Stephen's Hall; and further, that W. C. Marshall, J. Bell, and J. H. Foley, whose works in the last exhibition in Westminster Hall were considered to be entitled to especial commendation, be at once commissioned to prepare models for three of the aforesaid statues, viz., the statues of Hampden, lord Falkland, and lord Clarendon," and "that £2,000 be granted on account towards the payment of such works."

The subject was referred to a committee, who produced the following report:—

Your committee appointed to "prepare a general list of distinguished persons of the united kingdom to whose memories statues might with propriety be erected in or adjoining the new Houses of Parliament, such list being unrestricted as to the number of such distinguished persons, and as to the time in which they lived," have the honour to submit two lists; the first (A), of names to which they agreed unanimously; the second (B), of names on which your committee were not unanimous, but decided by greater or smaller majorities. The aggregate of these two lists consists of 121 names, which may probably afford scope, not for indiscriminate adoption, but

rather for choice and selection on the part of the commission at large. At the same time, your committee desire to express their unanimous opinion, that the attempt

to execute any great number of these statues simultaneously would not be conducive to the interests of art.

MAHON

HENRY HALLAM  
B. HAWES, JUN.

SAMUEL ROGERS  
THOMAS WYSE.

T. B. MACAULAY  
ROBERT HARRY INGLIS

London, March 11, 1845.

*Lists referred to in the preceding report.*

A.		
Alfred	Sir William Wallace	Bacon
Elizabeth	Sir Philip Sydney	Napier
Robert Bruce	Duke of Marlborough	Newton
—	Lord Clive	Locke
Lord Burleigh	Lord Heathfield	Robert Boyle
John Hampden	—	—
Earl of Clarendon	Lord Howard of Effingham	Caxton
Lord Somers	Sir Francis Drake	Watt
Earl of Chatham	Admiral Drake	Herschell
Edmund Burke	Lord Rodney	Cavendish
C. J. Fox	Lord Howe	—
William Pitt	Lord Duncan	Inigo Jones
—	Lord St. Vincent	Sir Christopher Wren
Sir Thomas More	Lord Nelson	Hogarth
Sir Edward Coke	—	Sir Joshua Reynolds
John Selden	Sir Walter Raleigh	Flaxman
Sir Matthew Hale	Captain Cook	—
Earl of Mansfield	—	John Howard
Lord Erskine	Sir Thomas Gresham	William Wilberforce
—	—	—
Venerable Bede	Chaucer	Harvey
Richard Hooker	Spencer	Jenner
—	Earl of Surrey	—
—	Shakspeare	—
—	Milton	—
—	Addison	—
—	Richardson	—
—	Dr. Johnson	—
—	Cowper	—
—	Sir Walter Scott	—

March 6, 1845.—Revised March 14, 1845.

B.		
Richard I, Cœur de Lion	John Wickliffe	Ben Jonson
Edward I	John Knox	John Bunyan
Edward III	Cranmer	Dryden
The Black Prince	Archbishop Usher	Pope
Henry V	Archbishop Leighton	Swift
William III	Jeremy Taylor	Goldsmith
George III	Chillingworth	Burns
—	Barrow	Sir William Jones
Cardinal Langton	Bishop Butler	—
William of Wickham	John Wesley	Robertson
Cardinal Wolsey	—	Hume
Earl of Strafford	Sir John Talbot	—
Lord Falkland	Sir John Chandos	Fielding
Sir William Temple	Marquis of Montrose	—
Lord Russell	Cromwell	Roger Bacon
Sir Robert Walpole	Monk	Smeaton
Earl of Hardwicke	General Wolfe	Brindley
Earl of Camden	Sir Eyre Coote	John Hunter
Grattan	Sir Ralph Abercrombie	Adam Smith
Warren Hastings	Sir John Moore	—
—	—	Purcell
Speaker Onslow	Hawke	—
—	—	Garrick

March 6, 1845.—Revised March 14, 1845.



*Report of Committee respecting the selection of persons whose effigies might be placed in the niches of the House of Lords.*

The selection of the statues for the eighteen niches in the House of Lords, which has now been referred to your committee, does not appear to them altogether so free and with so wide a scope as the selection of the ninety-six figures on painted glass upon which they have lately reported. In this case the very narrow size of the niches, and their Gothic form, seem to limit the choice of the commission to characters drawn from the feudal age, and, as usual with effigies of that period, presenting little or no variety of attitude. On a careful consideration of the characters which might be chosen, subject to this condition, your committee have become convinced that no scheme is preferable to that which was first suggested to the commission by his royal highness prince Albert—namely, to fill the niches with the effigies of the principal barons who signed Magna Charta. Your committee subjoin a list of the names which they would recommend for this purpose. They conceive that the difference of character as laymen, or as prelates, would afford a picturesque variety of attire, and that the historical analogy would be most suitably attained by placing side by side in the same house of the legislature, in windows or in niches, the successive holders of sovereign power, and the first founders of constitutional freedom:—Stephen Langley, archbishop of Canterbury; William, bishop of London; Almeric, master of Knights Templars; William, earl of Salisbury; William, earl of Pembroke; Waryn, earl of Warren; William, earl of Arundel; Hubert de Burgh, earl of Kent; Richard, earl of Clare; William, earl of Aumerle; Geoffrey, earl of Gloucester; Saher, earl of Winchester; Henry, earl of Hereford; Roger, earl of Norfolk; Robert, earl of Oxford; Robert Fitzwalter, Eustace de Vespi, William de Mowbray.

MAHON	HENRY HALLAM
T. B. MACAULAY	SAMUEL ROGERS
ROBERT HARRY INGLIS	THOMAS WYSE.
B. HAWES, JUN.	

Whitehall, May 15, 1845.

The following letter from Mr. Hallam on the considerations which influenced the commissioners, will throw additional light on the subject:—

My dear sir,—In compliance with the request of his royal highness and the other members of the commission, at our meeting yesterday, I will state the grounds on which the committee appointed to select persons whose effigies might be placed in the eighteen niches of the new House of Lords, having first determined that men prominent in obtaining the Great Charter

of John shall be chosen, have come to a resolution of recommending the particular names which have been submitted to the commission. In the text of Magna Charta, inserted in Matthew Paris, the king recites himself to have granted it by the advice of Stephen Langton, archbishop of Canterbury; the archbishop of Dublin; seven English bishops; the master of the Knights Templars in England; with sixteen barons, five of whom had the rank of earls, though only four are mentioned by this author, who has also committed one or two other slight inaccuracies. Roger de Wendover, whose chronicle, lately published by the English Historical Society, is almost wholly copied by Matthew Paris, omits altogether this recital of names in his text of the charter. But in this instance he is certainly wrong, as appears by the incontestable evidence of the charter itself, of which, as is well known, several copies exist. There can, therefore, be no doubt that the personages above mentioned were concerned, in a prominent manner, in the enactment of that great and celebrated law. But, while it would have been easy to recommend for the eighteen niches in the House of Lords the effigies of the archbishop, and some other ecclesiastics, with those sixteen barons whom we find recited in the charter, we were checked by the consideration that these, as appears by a preceding passage of Matthew Paris, were all on the king's side in the previous contest, and that it would be a very inadequate commemoration of that event to omit those nobles of England who had in reality the chief share in bringing it about. It is indeed true, that those who had adhered most steadily to king John united with the rest at last to press upon him the necessity of compliance with the demand of a charter of liberties; so that it may be said to have been granted on the unanimous requisition of the baronage; but this affords only a reason for selecting names indiscriminately from both parties, considering them as in fact combined for the purpose of obtaining a legal guarantee for their liberties. It became, consequently, the duty of the committee to look over the history of the time, in order to fix upon eighteen persons who, out of a more considerable number, appeared most worthy of being commemorated on this occasion. The archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton, independently of his high rank, was, as is well known, one of the most distinguished statesmen of that age, and a strenuous supporter of the charter, though without quitting the royal banner. The next in station among the prelates is the archbishop of Dublin; but, as he did not hold an English see, it seemed more desirable to select William, bishop of London, whose

see is next in dignity among those who were present, and whose name may be found in history. Almeric, master of the Knights Templars in England, was the representative of a renewed and powerful order; and his effigy would furnish some variety of costume. Five earls are recited on the king's side, those of Pembroke, a very eminent man, of Salisbury, of Warren, of Arundel, and lastly, Hubert de Burgh of Kent, afterwards Justiciary of England. On the side of the barons we find seven earls, those of Clare, Aumerle, Gloucester, Winchester, Hereford, Norfolk, and Oxford. Three names remained to complete the number of eighteen. No doubt could be felt as to that of Robert Fitzwalter, whom the barons had placed at their head in conducting this enterprise. Eustace de Vesci bore a considerable part on the same side, and has some name in history. One only remained; and among many noble, but scarcely very historical persons, none appeared more eligible than William de Mowbray, ancestor of the duke of Norfolk, the oldest peer, and that in the three ranks of duke, earl, and baron, in the existing House of Lords. William de Mowbray is also ancestor, not only of the various noble families which bear the surname of Howard, but of that of Berkeley. Such, I apprehend, are the reasons which have induced the committee, as they have myself, to recommend the eighteen names, of which you possess a list, to be commemorated as having borne a share in obtaining the great charter of John.

I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,  
HENRY HALLAM.  
C. L. Eastlake, Esq.

#### VISIT TO CHILLON ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARKE.

Leaving the beautiful village of Montreux, a sudden turn in the road, which is bordered next the lake by chestnut and walnut-trees, and on the other hand by the verdant walls of the Dent de Jaman, brought us in sight of the castle of Chillon, standing, as Rousseau says, "Sur un rocher qui forme une presqu'île, et autour duquel j'ai vu sonder à plus de cent cinquante brasses, qui font près de huit cents pieds, sans trouver le fond. C'est là que fut detenu six ans prisonnier François Bonnard, prieur de St. Victor, homme d'un mérite rare, d'une droiture et d'une fermeté à toute épreuve, ami de la liberté quoique Savoyard, et tolérant quoique prêtre."—(*Nouvelle Héloïse*.)

The appearance of the castle from the Vevay side is particularly neat. Towards

the lake it presents a high wall rising from the water, and surmounted with two sloping gable roofs; on the land side you see four pyramidal towers, and over all rises a rectangular turret with a sharply pointed roof, tipped with conductors, to preserve the stores from lightning, as the castle is now used as a powder magazine for the Pays de Vaud. To the left, rise very rich woods, which cling even to the summits of the steep limestone rocks, that form the walls of the great basin of the lake. Beyond, a little to the right, are seen the tapering spire of Villeneuve, the mouths of the Rhone, and the entrance to the fertile though narrow country of the Valais, between which and the castle are many pretty buildings scattered here and there along the edge of the lake, like so many nests of love in the beautiful groves that surround them. These have much the appearance of those sweet little retreats which the sinuous shores of Windermere afford; and remind one when due allowance is made for the change of climate, the style of the architecture, and the greater proportions of the scenery, of those delicious nooks where Brathay, Clappergette, Dove's-nest, and Low-wood, have claimed dominion over the fancy of the stranger. The entrance to the castle of Chillon is by a strong drawbridge, upon which are erected guard-rooms for the soldiers of the canton, who keep constant guard, in their neat uniforms of blue and grey. Passing this bridge, you enter, through a lofty gateway, a small court, on the right of which is a covered space used for fuel, where there is a spring of sweet clear water flowing through a brass gun barrel, as is common in various parts of Switzerland (the barrel being sometimes passed through a tree). Opposite to the entrance you see the inhabited part of this massy pile, the inmates of which seem to have a great antipathy to the use of gardening tools, as the grass grows to a tolerable height on the two stone steps which lead to the huge black door of this incarcerating mansion. Close to this door, to the left of it as you advance down three steps, rather more free from weeds (*owing to the constant wear of English feet*), you enter a doorway, which seems to offer access to an old potato house or cellar. The janitor is an ancient dame, short as to one leg, and long as to the rest of her body, with a face furrowed like the hills about her, and as stormy in appearance as the passes of the Gemmi. One may easily imagine, without any great stretch of the inventive faculties, that, if the tenderer part of the domestics of this hospitable place, in the nineteenth century, bears such a prepossessing appearance, poor Bonnard had no very pleasant sojourn here. This dear Dulcinea jingling her



keys, and trotting along with all the airs of an experienced gaoler, you enter the secret chambers of Chillon. First proceeding through a narrow passage, the doors of which are well ironed, you enter a room which now contains cheeses, but which was once inhabited. Afterwards through a double doorway, you pass along a short corridor, to the right and left of which are dark, dirty dungeons, guarded by massy doors of oak and iron, behind which are many memorials of the ages which were as dark as the gloomy recesses. On one side you see a great black beam, time-worn and crumbling, over which many hundreds of miserable beings have been suspended in the miseries of death: in a vault on the other side, you may recognise the remains of a huge wheel, whose strength and construction carry back the mind to the times when by such wheels as these the martyrs were carried to heaven. Groping your way past the accumulated heaps of dust and rubbish, a doubly guarded entrance (for, like our university hermits, the inmates of these dens had a sporting door) introduces you at once to the bepraised and besung abode of Bonnivard, whose quarters seem to have been the most stately in this side of the dungeons, although as little likely to afford permanent satisfaction to the lodger as any state apartments ever visited.

"There are seven pillars of gothic mould  
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;  
There are seven columns, massy and grey,  
Dim with a dull impassioned ray;  
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,  
And through the crevice and the cleft  
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,  
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,  
Like a marsh's meteor-lamp;  
And in each pillar there is a ring,  
And in each ring there is a chain."

This is an excellent and complete catalogue of the household furniture of poor Bonnivard, only overcharged according to the license of poets and appraisers: for in each pillar there is not a ring, nor in each ring is there a chain. Only in one is there a ring—and only near one is a chain—and that is evidently a boat chain, which has been fished up from the lost anchor of some pleasure vessel beneath the castle walls. It is quite right in Sir Walter Scott to put the Graemes into chains of linted gold, but for my lord Byron, the free in thought, and the strong in fancy, to have supposed the leg of a martyr to be held by such rusty threads of iron, is almost as absurd as the grave relation of the lady in waiting, touching the durance of Monsieur Bonnivard. Bad enough, however, was the lot of the poor prior. Poetry passing for nothing—in plain prose, he was not to be envied. One long narrow chamber was all the space he had, chained or unchained; one side and one end of his cell being the native rock,

a damp, cold, desolate limestone; the other wall of rough unheewn stone, pierced by two or three narrow loopholes, above the ordinary chin measurement of man, where a chance moonbeam comes in by night, and a stray sunbeam by day; where the spiders weave their silken nets, and the noise of the "massy waters" that "meet and flow" a thousand feet in "depth below;" and the winter's spray, and the winds of December, come in to cheer the "sea of stagnant idleness," which leads onward to his slow delivery from thralldom, or from life, the miserable captive who lingers in solitude and sorrow. That in ancient times state prisoners were actually immured here there can be no doubt; for though there be no records on the walls, —such as startle the stranger in the chambers of the public prisons at Venice, yet there are marks upon the floor of solitary paces to and fro, which no one can for an instant misbelieve; so that there is no fable in these sweet lines:—

"My broken chain  
With links unfastened did remain:  
And it was liberty to stride  
Along my cell, from side to side,  
And up and down, and then athwart,  
And tread it over every part;  
And round the pillars one by one,  
Returning where my walk began."

Nor is the following apostrophe untrue:

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod  
Until his very steps have left a trace,  
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnivard. May none these marks efface,  
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

But however this may be, there is a memorial in this place which cannot fail of proving a source of interest to an Englishman, even if it is not, as many imagine it not to be, genuine. Cut deeply into the soft stone of one of the seven pillars, is the name of that extraordinary being whose mighty genius might have immortalised him, had not the halo of its brightness been obscured by clouds of doubt and depravity, who, nevertheless, has found a home in the memories of all who have heart and head enough to feel and understand the magic of his melody; and who, in spite of the veil which he has thrown across the freedom of his better nature, must yet shine forth noble amongst the noble.

The great poet has left a memorial of his visit to the dungeon in an inscription, or rather incision, on one of the pillars:—  
Byron, 1816.

Since this date the pillar has been literally covered with pencil marks, the autographs of ten thousand strangers, many of them known to fame, and some obscure as the illegible marks which now remain of their enthusiasm. By the pillar stands a board, on which is pasted a written history in French of the dungeon and its in-

mates; and on this a Mr. Wheelwright has stated, for the benefit of half the world, and the surprise of the remainder, that he read "The Prisoner of Chillon" all through within the prison walls, the recommendation of which practice is less objectionable than the defacing of the neat French narrative by his unseemly scrawl. It is absurd, perhaps, to laugh at the tolerable enthusiasm of Mr. W., when we followed his advice; added another name or two to this dungeon tripes; smuggled away a slice of the wall; paced "up and down," and "round the pillars," in reverence of the hero and the bard; copied the five letters above named; marked down the more prominent of the organs on the frontispiece and occiput of our attendant naid; and passed from gloom to daylight without feeling the scene "a second home;" examining and noting in a sketch-book the outward masonry and surrounding scenery of "Chillon's snow-white battlement." M. Simond, in his very interesting and agreeable "Voyage en Suisse" (vol. i., p. 286), has stated that in a corner there is another dungeon of about ten feet square, whence a prisoner once attempted to escape by a breach in the wall, but having been taken, he was, after a long confinement, put to death. He had covered the walls of his narrow cell with historical designs, in the manner of Perugino, from which one may learn the epoch of his imprisonment. The words "Liberté et Patrie," the motto of the canton de Vaud, with the date 1815, are in large letters on the facade of the prison next the lake. "Je ne saurais m'empêcher," says M. Simond, "lorsque je rencontre ces mots là ainsi affichés, de soupçonner qu'il y a fort peu de l'un et que l'autre court quelque danger. C'est dommage que le canton de Vaud, qui certainement fait exception à la règle, ait ainsi repris, en 1815, le style de 1793."

The chateau de Chillon was, till the year 1733, the residence of the bailiffs of Yevay; since that time it has only been inhabited by a steward. It contains some good rooms, three courts, besides galleries, balconies, &c.

Formerly it must have been a place of some note, and before the invention of fire arms impregnable—the mountains descending to the lake very abruptly, and the castle completely guarding the narrow passway with its unscalable walls. When the Bernois conquered the Pays de Vaud, this place and Yverdon alone offered any considerable resistance. Lord Byron, in his notes to "The Prisoner of Chillon," has given some interesting particulars of Bonnavard, to which the reader may be referred for further information on the subject.

## Spirit of Foreign Literature.

PARIS IN 1845.

(From the French of Pierre Durand.)

SCENE I.—IN FRONT OF THE CAFÉ TORTONI, AT TEN IN THE MORNING.

"I am not mistaken! It is Leopold who is stepping out of this elegant vehicle."

"Himself, my dear Aristippe."

"You have then made your fortune?"

"Not yet, but I am in the right way; and I expect I shall be a rich man before the end of next winter."

"Indeed! And may one know by what means you expect to enrich yourself in so short a time?"

"What! cannot you guess?"

"On my honour I cannot; you know I am a philosopher, and little acquainted with the freaks of fortune."

"You are ignorant then of the business that everybody is engaged in at present?"

"I have just arrived from the country, where I have been for six months past."

"Well, then, you must know that all Paris is engaged in speculation. We have now only one object and one thought. All classes of society are seized with the same passion. If you ask for news, if you speak of politics, of the fine arts, of fashion, music, or intrigue, the answer is sure to relate to railroads. These are the great, the only affairs of the moment; railroads put millions into circulation, and offer the means of making rapid fortunes. Do you wish to take shares in the Strasbourg, Tours à Nantes, or Lyons railway? You have only to speak; I can accommodate you."

"Thank you, my friend; my philosophy forbids me all speculation of this kind."

"Then what have you come to Paris for? Why didn't you remain in the country? But it is getting late; adieu, I am behind my time. I am going to sell two hundred Mackenzie to a literary man, who lives in the Faubourg du Roule, and purchase three hundred Rothschild, for a marchioness of the Faubourg St. Germain."

"Don't let me detain you, my friend. I should be grieved to injure your fortune, and I would not wish you to lose even five minutes in such a pursuit."

SCENE II.—AT A BANKER'S IN THE CHAUSSEE D'ANTIN; THE BANKER IS OPENING LETTERS.

"My letters are this moment as numerous as usual. I ought, however, to have some rest, for the bustle and excitement of business have made me ill; yet I cannot trust these letters to my clerks, some of them are so singular and confidential; they would yield too much amusement. Per-

ness of rank, statesmen, and pretty women, asking for shares, sometimes in rather a questionable manner; I must, however, be discreet. But here is my doctor. You have just come in time, my dear doctor; I don't know what ails me, but I am not well."

"I can easily believe that. You are, as M. Salvandy would say, living on a volcano. When one is placed at the head of a railway company of such vast importance——"

"I began to feel unwell yesterday evening."

"Shares are then already at a premium——"

"After dinner I felt, all at once, uneasy——"

"They were quickly bought up——"

"I had, however, eaten and drunk very little; you know how sober I am."

"And I haven't a share! Is there no means of procuring them?"

"What?"

"Railway-shares."

"They are all sold. I am afraid that this is the symptom of a relapse; am I going to be seriously ill, as I was last year?"

"The premium is considerable, is it not?"

"You forget, doctor, I have sent for you because I am unwell."

"This cursed railway is dancing in my head! Come, let me feel your pulse."

"I have a fever, have I not?"

"Doctor N——, the medical attendant of one of your colleagues, has been more fortunate than I have. His patient has procured him fifty shares."

"Well, I see the price my health is at; you shall have them."

"This is something like! Show me your tongue. It is not serious; a little rest, with the potion I shall prescribe for you, and you will be well again to-morrow."

"Stay, here are your shares."

"And here is my prescription. Adieu, I am in a hurry."

"Are some of your patients in danger?"

"No, I am going to the *Bourse*. You are astonished?"

"I confess I am."

"Nothing, however, is more natural. Is it not said that stock-jobbing is a disease of the age? and am I not, by profession, bound to study all kinds of maladies?"

## SCENE III.

M. Mancel.—"It is midday, and M. Anatole is coming to sign the contract. How shall I manage to break with him? The affair is so far advanced. I cannot, however, allow him to marry my daughter."

M. Anatole, entering unperceived.—"It would perhaps have been better if I had written; it is rather a delicate matter."

"Ah! how do you do, Monsieur Anatole?"

"Very well, I thank you, Monsieur Mancel; and how are you?"

"You have come about the contract, and are before your time; so much the better, for I want to speak to you."

"And I have also something to tell you."

"Yesterday evening, in sauntering along the Boulevards, I reflected a little——"

"So did I, at a supper I was at yesterday evening, along with a few merry comrades, and several pretty women; for, to be frank with you, Monsieur Mancel, I must confess I have not yet renounced the follies of youth."

"I said to myself, a father ought above all things to look after the happiness of his daughter; the person I have chosen for a son-in-law is a charming young man——"

"You are too kind, sir."

"He has even some excellent qualities."

"Do not exaggerate, sir; I am not perfect; on close examination you will find even I have many defects, and at the supper I have just spoken of, I asked myself if I had sufficient merit to enter the married state."

"I justly appreciate your modesty; you do not lack merit; but on calculation, for in every thing the expense ought to be considered, will your fortune, modest like yourself, united to my daughter's dowry, be sufficient to provide for an increasing family?"

"We agreed that the dowry was to be thirty thousand francs, did we not?"

"And your fortune is of the same amount; with this sum you think of beginning life. Sixty thousand francs to commence the campaign."

"It is a handsome sum, but——"

"Perhaps it is not enough."

"I am of your opinion."

"Now, on due consideration, I think we have been too hasty, and that it would be wiser——"

"To augment the dowry?"

"No, to break off the match."

"If such is your opinion, I shall not cavil with you."

"Are you in earnest? Why I was perplexed to know how to break this to you."

"We were wrong in being embarrassed."

"It is mutually agreed, then, that we set aside our agreement?"

"Yes."

"And this contract, which is here all ready, what shall we do with it?"

"Destroy it." (*They tear the contract.*)

(*Aside*) "It is singular! M. Anatole, who was so desirous for this marriage, has easily consented to annul it."

(*Aside*) "It is strange! But M. Mancel, who was so eager to give thirty thou-

sand francs to get rid of his daughter, should have so suddenly changed his mind."

(Aside) "It is not natural."

(Aside) "There is something under this."

(Aloud) Well, my ex-future father-in-law, you are, as you were yesterday evening, plunged in reflection. Now that the affair is broken off by mutual consent, what is there to prevent us from acknowledging to each other our real motives?"

"Nothing that I know of; and since you are curious, I must tell you I have speculated in the railroads."

"So have I."

"Indeed! But I have gained two thousand francs."

"That is precisely the sum I have realised!"

"What a coincidence! I am sorry now for having given up such a son-in-law; but it is too late, I have already entered into negotiations to marry my daughter to an agent of the Bourse."

"And I am looking after my banker's daughter."

"If both these marriages should fail, we will renew our agreement."

"With all my heart, for we understand each other, and were intended to be related."

#### SCENE IV.—A SALOON IN AN HOTEL OF THE FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, if I have detained you; but I was finishing dressing. Will you tell me the object of your visit?"

"It relates to a very important affair, Monsieur le Comte, otherwise we would not have ventured to trouble you."

"Well, explain yourselves; I am all attention."

"A new railway company has just been formed."

"That occurs more than once every day."

"Our capital is two hundred millions. The committee, of which we are members, has sent us to wait on you. Here is our prospectus. You see we have chosen an excellent line; and you will easily discover that our enterprise is based on entirely new combinations, which guarantee complete success."

"I hope so, with all my heart; but in what respect does this concern me?"

"You see, Monsieur le Comte, our company is formed; we have our lawyer, our banker, our committee; but we have not a president, the choice of which is a difficult and delicate affair; we have, therefore, rejected several candidates. We want a man of rank and importance. The company, you know, takes the name of its president; it is, therefore, necessary that the name should be a distinguished, high-sounding, aristocratic one, preceded by a

brilliant title, capable of inspiring general confidence, and of meriting the suffrages of the shareholders. These qualifications, Monsieur le Comte, you possess in an eminent degree, and we make bold to hope that you will favour us with your powerful patronage."

"I, gentlemen? This unexpected proposal is, I confess, extremely flattering to me, and it also rather surprises me."

"Wherefore? We shall be proud of having you for our chief, and success cannot for a single instant be doubtful, when we have placed at the head of our prospectus: President, M. le Comte de Balkendorf, chamberlain to his highness the grand duke of Hildburg-hausen-Medizingen, equestrian of her highness the dowager duchess of Lippe-Fressembourg, ex-minister plenipotentiary to the hospodar of Valachie, commander of the royal military order of the Blue Elephant, and chevalier of Malta."

"These are certainly my titles, and I assure you there is not one of them of which I have not the patent."

"No one doubts you, Monsieur le Comte, and there is not a company can boast of having a president so splendidly qualified as ours."

"But I have not accepted."

"What reason could you have for refusing? Is it not understood that the nobles do not degrade themselves by taking part in railroad speculation? Besides, if you lend your name, we, on our part, offer in exchange advantages which you will not perhaps deem despicable."

"It is possible we may come to an understanding."

"We do not mean the advantages of publicity, although many persons of the highest rank experience a lively satisfaction at seeing their names and titles frequently quoted with approbation in the journals."

"For my part, I confess that would not displease me."

"In your quality of president you could distribute shares to your friends and acquaintances."

"To my protégés —"

"And to your tradespeople, if you like."

"Well, that cannot fail to be agreeable."

"Besides, two or three thousand shares will be reserved for you, for which you will not be required to pay any deposit."

"Very good."

"And which you may dispose of at a premium, for there will be a rise."

"Do you think so?"

"Sure of it. There will be, at least, a premium of fifty francs on each share the very first week."

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"Fifty thousand crowns. You have decided?"

"Completely. Why should I hesitate? Industry is allied to aristocracy. It is necessary to keep pace with the age. I wish to protect the march of commerce, and assist with my patronage those grand speculations which will contribute so powerfully to the welfare of humanity. I accept your offer to become president. Place my name and titles in your prospectus, and send me as speedily as possible my three thousand shares."

SCENE V.—RUE NOTRE-DAME-DE-LORETTE.

Mademoiselle.—I am now rich. What a Godsend! I should never have thought of it but for the little journalist, who gave me an idea of railways, and dictated the letter in which, reminding the person to whom it was sent of a *souvenir*, I asked for shares. And who could have told me afterwards that the results of a *bal masqué* would have brought me so much? Twenty thousand francs! It seems like a dream; but no! here are the notes. I shall never grow tired of counting them. Have I locked the door? yes. They must not surprise me; I should not wish it to be known that I am so rich—I am too much afraid of being robbed. Twenty thousand francs honestly come by, and in such a short time! And all this money, too, has just come at a time when, by the merest chance in the world, I do not owe a single debt. They were all paid off last week; and what is as great a wonder, my heart is quite free. What shall I do now? Two lovers aspire to my hand, an old *rentier* and a young student. What is the good of the *rentier* since I am rich? M. Alfred is very lively; yes, but to what will that conduct me? To spend my treasure. I believe I am becoming a miser! There is, besides, the *employé* opposite, a man neither young nor old, who eyes me in a certain way, and who thinks I am a respectable widow. He would make a decent husband. He has plainly expressed to me his hopes and his intentions. It is strange! yesterday, marriage appeared to me an absurd thing; to-day, I find it the reverse. How fortune changes one! Some one is knocking. Who is there? It is the old *rentier*. I am not in. He is going; so much the better, for, everything considered, I prefer Alfred. Some one is coming up stairs! it is he. He is singing. "*Gold is a chimera*." What blasphemy! He is decidedly a dangerous, foolish, dissipated young man! He knocks; bush! he has not the philosophy of the old *rentier*; if I were to tell him I was not in, he would break open the door. He knocks louder, and is still singing his accursed song. His patience is at last exhausted, and he is going: joy go with him! Ah! here is my neighbour re-

turning from his office. The more I look at this man, who is about forty-five, the fresher he appears to me. He has a roll of something in his hand; it is his monthly salary, which he carefully locks up in his desk. With him my money would be safe. Twenty-five thousand francs will excuse many little things. He will be blind to the past. I am determined, since my means permit me to be a decent woman, to reform; I renounce the follies of celibacy; I will place my capital in the bank of Hymen, and I shall become virtuous; for, it is said, one can have anything for money.

SCENE VI.—AT THE HOUSE OF A DANDY IN THE RUE DE PROVENCE.

The dandy rings: "Patience a little, and see if this rascal will come. There is no means of procuring attention now!" He rings again, with violence.

The valet enters: "Coming, sir."

"At last!"

"Pardon, sir; there was a person below who came to see me on business."

"Business! your only business is to wait on me."

"It was my agent."

"What is the meaning of this pleasantry? I guessed that you were dabbling in railway shares, but surely no agent would give himself the trouble of coming to you."

"Why not, sir? he gets as high a commission from me as from any one else."

"Ah! you risk largely then! but what with, if you please?"

"My savings."

"What! a valet turn stock-jobber with what he saves out of his wages! what strange times we live in! Come, I want to dress—bring me my boots."

"Pardon, sir; after the news my agent has brought me, I can no longer stoop to this humiliating office."

"What is the meaning of this?"

"It means that a man who has a hundred thousand crowns is not made to serve a ruined *lion*."

"Insolent rascal! take that!" (throws his slipper at him.)

"You will have to answer to me for this insult!"

"Insult!"

"Yes, sir; I am your equal! I am going to be a man of fashion, and when I have learnt fencing, I shall challenge you! In the meanwhile, as you have some bills of exchange, I will take charge of them, to have the satisfaction of seeing you shut up at Clichy." He departs.

"This is the effect of stock-jobbing!"

SCENE VII.—IN THE COURT OF THE HOTEL DES POSTES.

Aristippe.—"Leopold was right; Paris is become insupportable. Every one is in a



hurry, and one hears of nothing but *shares*, *reports*, and *premiums*. There is no longer conversation, intrigue, pleasure, wit, or society. Speculation has invaded everything; railroads have turned people's brains, and confounded all ranks of society. It is impossible for a philosopher to live in a town in such a condition; I shall therefore set out on a tour in the east. I prefer being among the Turks. I shall return in a year, and perhaps by that time the Parisian fever will be abated."

### Rebels.

#### *Mr. Kingston's Lusitanian Sketches.*

An elaborate description of Oporto, with a narrative of tours made in the northern division of that country and in the Spanish province of Leon. The whole is rendered amusing and full of interest by anecdotes and effectively worked-up local descriptions. Mr. Kingston, accompanied by a few friends, visits Guimaraens, Braga, and Salamanca, and makes on his way remarks on the celebrated retreat of Soult, when baffling Wellington, by carrying off his men into Spain, through mountain paths supposed to be impassable. Another trip, that to the battle field of Busaco, is equally interesting, nor are the lesser trips to the vine-growing districts, where he gives an elaborate review of the wine trade.

#### RED PORT.

"When once the vintage has commenced, time is invaluable. The vineyards are crowded with persons, some plucking the sound grapes and filling large hampers with them, others separating the rotten or dry bunches, while the Gallegos are employed in carrying the baskets down the steep sides of the hills on their backs. The presses are stone tanks, raised high from the floor, about two to three feet deep and from twenty to thirty square. A boy stands in the centre, and rakes the grapes as they are thrown in, so as to form an even surface. When full, twenty or thirty men with bare feet and legs jump in, and to the sound of guitars, pipes, fiddles, drums, and of their own voices, continue dancing, or rather treading, for forty to fifty hours, with six hours intervening between every eighteen, till the juice is completely expressed and the skins perfectly bruised, so as to extract every particle of colour. It is necessary to leave in the stalks, in order to impart that astringent quality so much admired in port wine, as well as to aid fermentation. After the men are withdrawn, the juice, the husks, and stalks, are allowed to ferment together from two to six days; the husks and stalks then rise to the top, and form a complete cake. By this means the

colour is still further extracted from the skin. It is a very critical time, much depending on the judgment and practice of the superintendent as to the right moment to draw off the liquor; for so active is the fermentation, that it may be, if allowed to remain too long in the press, completely spoiled. Nothing but long experience can enable a person to judge on this point, and many young merchants who have attempted to do so have had cause to repent their interference with the farmer's business. The taste of the wines before drawn off into the tonels is sweet, nauseous, and sickening; and it is of a dark muddy colour; so that one can with difficulty believe it can ever become the bright, sparkling, and astringent fluid, it appears in the course of two or three years. The tonels or vats into which the wine is drawn are in a building on a lower spot than the one which contains the press, a channel leading from it to them. They contain frequently thirty pipes each. The period when the wine is thus drawn off is the time when the rich and generous qualities of the grapes are to be retained, or lost never to be restored. From the rich nature of the Douro grape, the fermentation once begun will not stop of its own accord (even when the wine is drawn off from the husks and stalks), till it has caused it to become a bitter liquid, almost if not entirely undrinkable and useless, and finally vinegar. To retain, therefore, those much prized qualities, it is absolutely necessary to add brandy at the very critical moment, so difficult to decide, before that stage which produces the bitterness commences. Brandy always has been and always must be added to the richer and finer wines, or from their very nature they overwork themselves, and, exhausting their own strength, are destroyed. The grapes from which the rich luscious port wine is produced become, when hung up in the sun to dry, complete masses of sugar. This excessively saccharine matter, possessed only by those grapes growing in the positions most exposed to the sun's rays, gives that rich and fruity flavour of which the best port alone can boast. With the poorer and more watery grapes, the fermentation, not being so violent, will work itself out; and the little saccharine matter they contain completely disappearing, a dry light wine is the produce; which, though requiring brandy, requires less to preserve its good qualities, for the very reason that there are fewer good qualities to preserve. Such is the case with regard to the wines of Bordeaux. I do not mean to say that they do not possess good qualities, but that, being of a lighter nature than the best port, from the cooler climate or nature of the soil in which they are produced, the fermentation



is not so violent, nor do they exhaust themselves from their own strength. No brandy is therefore requisite, and that delicious liquor claret is the produce; a successful imitation of which it has been vainly attempted to produce in Portugal."

The comparison drawn by Mr. Kingston between the Spanish and Portuguese, is in no way favourable to the former. The only point, he states, in which the Spaniards excel the latter, is in household cleanliness. The Portuguese, he affirms, are good humoured, agreeable, and willing to oblige, while the Spaniards are proud, pompous, and given to imposition. To give an idea of Mr. Kingston's descriptive style, we quote a curious German superstition.

#### THE LOBISHOMES.

"A destiny scarcely inferior in wretchedness to the Bruxa's is that of the *Lobishomes*, except that, as far as I can learn, it endures only for this life, and is owing to no fault on their part. They are born under an inauspicious star, and a sad necessity rules their fate. Every family is liable to this curse, from the highest to the lowest in the land; and though they themselves are conscious of it, they keep it a profound secret, as it is considered a great disgrace to be afflicted with it. It is common to both sexes among young people; those who suffer from it never attaining an advanced age. I have been unable to learn at what time of life it appears. If seven sons or seven daughters are born in one family, the seventh generally is subject to the demoniacal influence; at all events, one of the younger ones. The only preventive against this fate is by christening one of the seven 'Adam': should this be neglected, it is almost certain to visit the family. In the day-time they are free from the spell, but even then wear a peculiarly sad and pained expression of countenance. They hope by themselves, are taciturn and reserved; never enter society if they can avoid it, and then evidently are incapable of its enjoyment. The lower orders sit by themselves, without speaking, in a corner near the kitchen-fire; the expression of their countenances wild and forbidding, their hair and beard long and tangled, their garments disarranged and squalid. In travelling through the country, such beings are frequently pointed out as *Lobishomes*. As night draws on, these hapless beings rush from their abodes—the high-born damsel from her bower, the noble youth from his baronial hall, or the hard-featured peasant from his humble cot. No human power can restrain them—the demon has entered into them—they seek some solitary, wild spot, untrod by the foot of man. There they leave their habiliments, and are immediately

transformed into the appearance of horses with long flowing manes and waving tails, fire darting from their nostrils, fury in their eyes; yet fear it is which urges them on. Away they fly, fleet as the wind, over rugged mountains and deep valleys, across streams and winter-torrents, through frost and snow, rain and the fierce lightning. Leagues are traversed in as many seconds—all other animals fly before them—they neigh in agony as they rush on, yet have no power to stop. On, on, on! their pulses beat quicker, their breath grows thick; but they cannot, they dare not, rest. They sweep round, forming a wide circuit some hundred leagues in extent; yet before the morning breaks they must return to the spot whence they set out, and there resuming their mortal forms and donning their garments, they once more seek their homes, pale, fainting, and wretched. It is not surprising, after such a night's work, they should be averse to social intercourse. Often at midnight are the cottagers in remote districts startled from their slumbers by unearthly sounds, like the cry of a horse in agony; loud tramping is heard, and a noise as if a sudden blast passed by, and they exclaim, 'It is some hapless *Lobishome*! may the saints have mercy on him!' At times also, as the shepherds are watching their flocks on the mountain's brow, they see a wild steed dash by on the plain below, fleet as a fiery meteor, while the sheep and goats exhibit their consciousness of something supernatural by scattering far and wide. Their faithful dogs, too, forget to obey their call; and it is with the utmost difficulty they contrive to re-assemble their affrighted flocks. The *Lobishomes* endure not this dreadful existence for more than seven years, if even so many; death invariably putting an end to their sufferings at the termination of that period—frequently before. I have been informed of but one mode of escape from this doom, or, it may be said, of being freed from this extraordinary species of enchantment. While in full headlong career, they should be boldly encountered by some fearless person, who must wound them slightly in the chest, so that their blood shall flow. No sooner does the ruddy current reach the ground, than they are instantly restored to their proper forms. The malign influence henceforth has no further power over them, nor do they ever resume the appearance of a horse: they then become like other mortals."

#### PORTUGUESE PENANCES.

"The Portuguese peasantry are still addicted to performing penances. As they are seldom very heavy, they find it an easy way of soothing their consciences. The most severe I have seen poor women perform, such as crawling round a church

many times on their bare knees: frequently they hang a bag of sand to their necks, to increase their toil, and let it run out as they proceed. This is done frequently under a pelting rain, the poor wretches literally tracing their progress with their blood. Sometimes these penances are inflicted by their confessors for sins committed; at other times they are in fulfilment of vows made in consequence of recovery from sickness, or on account of finding any lost treasure. They are not in general, however, such sorrowful affairs. I have seen men with thick cloths tied round their knees; for though they had vowed to go round the church on their knees, they did not consider themselves obliged to spoil a new pair of trousers on the occasion; and as the handkerchief alone could not have preserved them, they were compelled to add pads also. They deserved as much credit as the pilgrims who boiled their peas which they put in their shoes. Young maidens frequently perform the same progress round the church, habited in thick cloth petticoats, and too often most irreverently laughing and joking all the time with attendant swains, who will, on occasion, most gallantly lift them over any very rough places. An old lady I formerly knew, vowed to make a pilgrimage barefooted to a shrine, at a considerable distance; but her friends persuading her it was more than she could perform in the way she first intended, she yet determined to keep her vow, so she ordered her sedan-chair, doffed her shoes and stockings, and was carried thither."

### The Gatherer.

*Anger.*—To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; and to maintain perpetual wrath is akin to the practice and temper of devils; but to prevent and suppress rising resentment is wise and glorious, is manly and divine.

The *North British Review*, in an article on phrenology, delivers the following judgment:—"We have been compelled, therefore, to regard phrenology as the twin-sister of animal magnetism; and, hanging phreno-mesmerism as a millstone round their necks, we willingly cast them into the sea."

*Hints on Teetotalism.*—The celebrated Professor Liebig says that wine, spirits, and beer, are necessary principles for the important process of respiration, and it would seem that the stomachs of all mankind, teetotalers included, will secrete these articles from the food which is eaten. We see frequently an interesting evidence

of the fact in the case of a horse, after a feed of corn, resuming his journey with steadiness and energy, although knocked up and out of breath a few minutes before. The simple fact is, that the horse converts the corn into beer, which facilitates his powers of respiration, and gives him fresh vivacity. If any man is resolved to carry out total abstinence strictly he must refuse every sort of vegetable food, even bread itself; for all such diet contains more or less of alcohol.

*Physiology of the Nose.*—The blunt nose indicates a bold, daring, and adventurous spirit, somewhat light and field-minded, but intellectual. The turned-up nose is not exactly wicked, but opposes it; not, or, like Roxelane, it may compass the death of a Bajazet. The long, sharp-pointed nose is a reflecting nose—it goes to the bottom of a thought; it is a melancholy nose, one that turns back from the errors of the world; it makes a good father, a good husband, but wretched bad company. The aquiline, or eagle nose, proud, courageous, noble, like the bird from which it borrows its name; this is the real antique Greek nose, the Napoleon nose. Thin there is the curved, or crooked nose, vehement, ardent, light, inflammable, always ready to throw up the reins to temper. Benvenuto Cellini's was a nose of this kind.

*Sir Thomas Gresham.*—A portrait of this eminent London merchant has lately been bequeathed to the City Lecture Hall. It is a full length, painted on panel, life-size. It is the most juvenile of the portraits existing of Sir Thomas—representing him at the age of twenty-six. "He is attired in a plain black doublet, hose, and gown, with a flat cap upon his head, and a small lace collar. In one corner of the picture are the letters 'A. G.,' tied together by a knot, beneath which are the words 'Love, service, and obey;' and under that 'T. G.,' also tied by a knot—and upon the frame, which is of black wood, and of the same age as the picture, is the motto 'Dominus Mihi Adjutor, T. G.,' repeated on each side."

*M. de Laville de Mirmont.*—This eminent dramatist is no more. He was sixty-three years old. Of all his works, that which attained to the highest celebrity was his "Charles VI.," which appeared in 1836. It was the last triumph of Talma—some of the critics say, the finest. It was in the robe of this triumph, that the great artist, as it were, lay down to die. On the twelfth night of its representation, Talma trod the stage for the last time, with a fever in his veins, that mingled with and heightened the madness of the terrible presentment; and eight days later he was in his grave.

H. A. Barstall, Printer, 2, Tavistock-street, Strand.

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